

Primula Farinosa



**This story takes place a few weeks after Magical Girl Raising
Project: JOKERS**

☆ Mariko Fukuroi

Mariko Fukuroi is a Magical Girl.

When she transforms, she becomes the battle-hungry Magical Girl known as *Marika Fukuroi*.

Marika is the type of person who lives how she wants.

Marika is the type of person who does what she wants.

Everyone that met Marika would always say,

“Ah, this girl looks like she doesn’t care what other people think or say, she’ll just do whatever she pleases.”

They’d be right.

Even when she was Mariko, she often did things the way she wanted, but never to the extent of Marika.

Marika would beat up anyone she hates.

Marika would beat up anyone she likes, but friendlier.

Everything is battle to Marika Fukuroi. That’s just what makes life fun. That’s just what makes life worth living.

Mariko remembered when she was still a kindergartner. That’s when she first became a Magical Girl.

The surge of power made her happy. Such power! Such strength! She didn’t have to listen to anyone else anymore!

So she didn’t listen to her test examiner.

She just did whatever she wanted, testing her powers on everything and anything. Other Magical Girls couldn’t do anything about her, since Marika was ridiculously strong, and her powers were versatile.

That all changed when her examiner stepped in.

Marika thought she was number one, so she defiantly disregarded her examiner. She proclaimed that the only way to make her follow her examiner was to beat her up in battle.

She didn't expect her examiner to give a proper beatdown to Marika. She was extremely strong, but Marika never gave up.

Her examiner was going easy on young Marika, but as Marika continued to become an actual threat, the examiner played seriously and instantly knocked her out.

When she came to, she thought she had lost the right to be a Magical Girl, but her examiner approached her, smiling, saying that she's proud of Marika.

She said that Marika had an unbreakable will, and that she wanted to introduce Marika to her own mentor.

It turns out, that examiner was a graduate of Mao's School, led by the most powerful Magical Girl of this generation.

And Marika was taken in, to be trained to focus her mind in battle.

That was the origin of Marika Fukuroi.

Mariko Fukuroi adjusted her glasses.

She's spent hours on the labs, working on researching flowers.

She'd already visited Styler Mimi's grave many times. Every time she did so, she still didn't feel comfortable at all.

Mimi's gone.

Styler Mimi isn't coming back.

Now there was no one she could just ask to come along with her. There was no one she could just talk to.

Styler Mimi was that person for Mariko, but now...

She realized how alone she really was.

To occupy her, she began devoting more time to her research. She's always researching plants, flowers, and other vegetation in the labs.

She had access to a laboratory maintained as a cover by the Land of Magic, so long as she doesn't blow herself up.

That lab also has some magical equipment that she can use to test the flowers.

Marika's powers involved growing plants on her head, so Mariko always had to know how the plant actually works in real life before she can harvest their seeds.

Normal growth rate, water intake, seasonal plants.

Weight and rarity were measured too, as well as the characteristics of each plant, in order to guess what kind of magical effect they might have.

Then, she'd try and speed up the growth artificially, and even with magic.

Mariko would then use this information as Marika Fukuroi, training with her own plant-based powers, harvested by her seeds.

Mariko would research until late at night, when the labs were forced to close. Then, she'd take her white labcoat and go back home with her car.

On the way home, she received a text message.

It was an automated text from the school she worked in.

An opening ceremony for the school year. All teachers must attend.

As Mariko grew up, she realized that she technically didn't have a job. Not that she needed a job, considering she's a Magical Girl who lives on battle.

Still, her parents would shun her because she seemed to not be productive at all.

So, out of the need to at least mean something to her family, she found herself a job as a teacher in a local high school.

At almost 30 years old, it's not that bad for her to get a job like that.

But it didn't change the fact that Mariko was still the black sheep of her family. Always obsessed with what seemed to be her hobby of plants and not making anything productive out of it.

It's not like she could tell her family that she's a Magical Girl either.

Mariko always had to sit in family gatherings, eating silently while the rest of them talked about how their days went.

Then the questions came.

Usually asked to her mother.

“So how’s Mariko?”

“Does she have a boyfriend?”

“How is her job?”

“What does she do?”

“Does she provide for herself?”

“Who are her friends?”

All of those, her mother would usually deflect away. Mariko did live alone, for the most part, but it’s clear that her family was disappointed in her.

Her mother would talk about her childhood, when she and Mariko went fishing together, for example, or achievements that Mariko made a long time ago.

If she even explained about her plant hobby, her parents would be worried that Mariko was taking it like an obsession.

It’s not her fault that this is how her life is like.

If her parents and family members won’t accept it, then fine, have it that way.

Still, Mariko didn’t want to embarrass her family, so she really did look for an actual day job.

She can hear her mother crying at night, and Mariko would feel bad that she must’ve disappointed her.

At the very least, she wants to make them proud.

A teacher was a good, respectable position. Mariko knew a bit about the subject she taught as well, and it was High School, too.

The next day, Mariko attended the school meeting.

“...So without further ado, let’s welcome Miss Fukuroi to the staff, she’ll be filling in for Miss Tadakoro while she’s on maternity leave,” said the Principal.

The staff clapped and clapped.

Mariko was almost bored to sleep from this entire opening ceremony. It’s the start of the school year, too, so that didn’t help.

When she finished, she rushed through several students and teachers who were curious about her behavior.

“Who was she?”

“How old is she?”

“Why isn’t she in proper uniform?”

“Did she fall asleep during the opening ceremony?”

“Does she shower?”

Mariko just dodged those questions by keeping her head down and not making any eye contact with them.

There were no lessons today, it was mostly orientation and a relaxing day at school.

Mariko wanted to see the students. She was curious on what they were doing. She wanted to see their faces, wanted to know what they were thinking.

She wanted to check out the science lab, she wanted to see the sports team, she wanted to see her fellow teachers.

She also wanted a breath of fresh air.

She went to the janitor’s office, then she took out a master key. Don’t mind if she borrows this for a while.

She unlocked the rooftop access. No one usually comes here, so it’s pretty quiet. From here, she can see the entire schoolyard.

The baseball club was practicing their defense.

The soccer club was running around the track field.

The lacrosse club were playing an exhibition match.

Mariko remembered her old days as a student. She was carefree and free-spirited too, just like these kids.

Then it started raining.

On the rooftop, that would mean she'd be soaking wet. She had to go back inside. She cursed under her breath.

She couldn't be caught outside. Teachers weren't allowed to leave school grounds, and they certainly weren't allowed to go to the roof for no reason.

While walking back downstairs, she looked out the window. Students were all rushing into the building.

Mariko continued on, listening to the students' gossip in the hallways.

"You settle things with him?"

"Man, fuck that guy."

There were kids that were having trouble with some other kids. There were always those kinds of people in your life. The issue is how to deal with them.

Mariko would just beat them up if she didn't like them. Not in public though. Unless she was Marika.

Mariko and Marika are not two different people. They're the same person sharing two bodies.

The difference is that as a Magical Girl, some personality traits were... affected.

As Marika, she was a lot more instinctive, lustful for battle, and a lot more brash. This had some basis in Mariko's personality, but it was easier for her to keep it down as Mariko.

In a way, it's like being drunk. You lose your sense of inhibition, but unlike being drunk, Marika was completely aware of what she's doing, and she won't do anything to stop it.

Mariko continued walking down the hallways.

She liked watching people interact. Mostly because she wanted interaction herself, but didn't really know how to best approach people.

She heard some girls talking and gossiping.

Sometimes she'd be standing behind them so much that they'd notice. Then she'd just bow her head down and apologize, before realizing that just attracted more attention to herself.

Fuck. I'm an idiot.

She continued moving down the hallways.

She saw a girl. She didn't know why, but she seemed to be drawn to this girl. Ordinary girl, short hair.

It's the face.

She's seen her somewhere before.

Then she remembered.

The research facility. Underground. She broke her transformation once.

"See you guys later," said the girl as she walked away from her classmates.

Oh no, don't run away!

Mariko instantly grabbed the girl's arm.

The girl was a bit surprised, and looked at Mariko with a dumbfounded stare on her face.

Mariko looked back at the girl.

The girl looked at Mariko.

Wait, what was the plan?

Mariko didn't think she'd get this far.

Her old mentor, Mao Pam, always told her, "Never detransform in front of other Magical Girls, lest you want them to know what you *really* look like. That's dangerous and risky."

But this girl did it. This girl was brave enough to do it.

During their time in the underground facility, looking for the Man-Made Magical Girls, this girl was willing to detransform herself.

This girl who's name is...

...She had no idea of her human name.

Didn't that fire girl mention it? What was it again? Mariko didn't pay attention to human names, she didn't think that she'd meet people in human form.

"Um, Koyuki... Do you know her?" asked one of the girl's friends.

AH! Koyuki! Good, nice save!

"Ah, yes! We do know each other! During the opening ceremony I had a chat with a lot of the students, so that's where we met, ahahaha," said Mariko awkwardly.

Snow White.

The Magical Girl Hunter, Snow White.

During her time underground, Mariko and Snow White were fighting for their lives.

In order to buy her time, and to enjoy the thrill of battle, Mariko took the aggressive route, and fended off many Shufflin.

She didn't expect to survive.

Many of the Magical Girls lost their lives in that facility. How do you walk back from there?

Even though she did survive, she only expected a few to come back.

Now that she reconnected with someone who's experienced it...

...What should she even say?

She saw Snow White- Er, Koyuki's face, just staring back at her.

Her face was so gentle. So unlike the Magical Girl she saw back at the facility. As Koyuki, she seemed like your average girl, who had no clue of what she was doing.

For a second, Mariko doubted if this was really Snow White, but she knew that this was definitely her.

That's when Mariko realized that she's been holding onto Koyuki's arm for about 15 seconds.

She released it,

“Er... well, um, sorry about that!”

She struggled with her words, unsure of what to say, but Koyuki was faster, and bowed her head down.

“Apologies! It’s nice seeing you again,” said Koyuki before she turned around and left.

“Wait, Koyuki!”

“Do you know her?”

Her two friends spoke out as they chased after her.

Mariko was alone in the hallway, the other students looking at her. Some were suspicious, some were snickering, some were just curious.

Mariko felt pressured. She grabbed hold of her white coat and moved along.

☆ **Koyuki Himekawa**

After school, Koyuki went to a food store, where she’d eat hamburgers and other fast food with her friends, Sari and Yoshiki.

These two were friends she met when she entered high school, and weren’t acquainted with her before in middle school.

“So, Koyuki, tell us about that teacher!”

“She’s the new science teacher right?”

“Yeah, Miss Tadakoro’s away. What’s her name?”

“Yeah, Koyuki, what’s her name?”

Koyuki calmly ate a hamburger.

“Honestly, I have no idea,” she said.

“WHAAA?”

“Then why’d she call out for you?”

“Yeah, she grabbed your hand and everything, you two must’ve known each other, right?”

“You must’ve met them once!”

“Maybe you forgot her face, like Yo-Chan does.”

“What? I do *not* forget people’s face. You’re the one who does that!”

“Nuh-uh, I remember everyone crystal clear.”

“Who was your second-to-last boyfriend?”

“Uh... I don’t remember my exes! Who does that?”

“Ha! See, you’re more forgetful than I am!”

“Nope! I remember when I first met him! I was at the beach with sunglasses and a sexy bikini!”

“Okay, stop! I don’t wanna know about your sexual fantasies.”

“You know who I wanna know more about? Koyuki!”

“Oh, yeah! Koyuki! C’mon, tell us about yourself. Tell us your secrets and we’ll tell you ours!”

“What’s Koyuki like in the dark?”

“Got any *juicy stuff*, hmm?”

Koyuki chuckled as she looked at the both of them. Slightly blushing a bit, she answered,

“Honestly, it’s not really that big of a deal. Not much to talk about, really,” she said with a blush.

“People who say that have the biggest secrets!”

“Yeah, c’mon, Koyuki, tell us!”

“YOOOO, watcha both talkin’ about?” came a voice from somewhere behind them.

Taking a seat in an empty chair was a familiar face to Koyuki. Her name was Sumire. She’s been classmates with Koyuki ever since middle school.

“Heya, Sumi-Chan! We’re trying to figure out Koyuki’s deepest secrets!”

“Yeah, we barely know any fun stuff about her!” said the both of them.

Sumire smiled slyly at Koyuki. Koyuki raised her eyebrow.

"I can tell you a *lot* about Koyuki. She's all shy and quiet now, but it's no joke that she always just prefers to stay quiet. She's actually a *huge* Magical Girl fan," said Sumire.

Koyuki laughed, "Well, yep! You got me there! Magical Girls are kind of my thing," said Koyuki.

"You played that social game *forever*! If it didn't shut down I thought you'd probably just keep on playing," said Sumire.

"Good thing it stopped then," said Koyuki shrugging.

"Hey, Sumi-Chan, does Koyuki know the new Science Teacher?"

"Yeah, they talked a bit, but Koyuki didn't wanna say!" said the two friends.

Sumire glanced at Koyuki, "Hmm, can't say she's met her before. She's new after all, but it makes sense why she'd know Koyuki. Koyuki has that *impactful* look on someone."

"Really? Who is she, anyways?"

"Yeah, Sumi-Chan. You know her?"

"Of course I know her! I actually go to the Opening Ceremony! They announced her name there. Were you three late?" asked Sumire.

The three girls laughed nervously.

Sumire sighed.

"Yeah, well, she's the new science teacher. She's gonna replace Miss Tadakoro for a while now. Maternity leave. Her name's Mariko Fukuroi, or Miss Fukuroi for short."

Koyuki spit out her soda. The sound of choking and coughing was heard as she felt the liquid burning in her nose.

Koyuki coughed as she dropped her food and spilled her drink all over the table.

"Whoa, Koyuki, you okay?"

"Yeah, you look like you choked big time."

Koyuki took a minute to regain her composure.

“I’m fine... I’m fine... whew...”

Mariko Fukuroi?

Koyuki knew a Magical Girl with the name Marika Fukuroi. It’s only just a letter difference but could it be the same girl?

The same battle-hungry Magical Girl?

As a teacher?

That explains why she grabbed her hand, but really... could it really be her? Koyuki was unsure, but at the same time...

☆ **Mariko Fukuroi**

Mariko wanted to thank Snow White.

Mariko wanted to talk to Snow White.

Mariko wanted to know how Snow White handled herself. She wanted to know the rest of the story. She just wanted to talk to someone.

Why did she waste her chance back at that school.

She didn’t know her personally. Was she teaching a class with her in it? Was that really her to begin with?

She had to find her.

She asked the Examination Division for Snow White, but she was met with a reply,

“Sorry, we don’t disclose our personell’s private information to outsiders.”

Shit.

Mariko’s bad reputation as Marika must’ve played a part in that. She still wanted to find Snow White, though.

She asked, she visited, and she even went straight as Marika to the Examination Division branches in Japan.

When she didn't get an answer, she went berserk.

She crashed a table, broke windows, and it took other Magical Girls to restrain her and send her back home.

Transforming back into Mariko, she took a long hard look at her experiences.

Without Mimi, there really was no one else she could just talk with.

How does Snow White do it?'

How does she balance her Magical Girl life with her school life? From when they last met, it was clear that Snow White was very stressed out in her Magical Girl life.

She showed little to know emotion, yet...

...As Koyuki, she was laughing with her friends, talking with them, hanging out with them.

One of them is the real personality, the other was an attempt to function normally in society.

Why can't Mariko do that? She also had a rough time in society. She was pretty awkward herself, but at the very least she could *try* and hang around people.

Be more like Snow White.

Mariko's a science teacher, so she can be a good role model to her students, right?

The next day, Mariko decided. She's going to be a good teacher, teach the kids, try and become less hotheaded in the process.

She already made introductory quizzes all night.

She ate some pizza for breakfast, washed her hands, and while she got ready, was trying hard to pack all the tests into her bag.

Her hand slipped, and was still moist. The test fell into the pizza box, some of them got dirty with food.

Mariko cursed, but kept the tests that were safe. She continued packing them, when she heard beeping noises from her phone.

It wasn't her normal phone. That was her Magical Phone.

She turned it on.

The first thing she noticed was that her last text, besides the text that she got to investigate S-City, was sent towards Mimi.

Almost all her texts are with Mimi.

There have been no other texts since.

Mariko's heart sank just a little bit, before she checked on the new messages section of her inbox.

The sender was unknown, the topic.

Snow White.

Mariko immediately opened the mail.

Meet me in school rooftop, after school.

Mariko's heart soared. Snow White? Is that really you!? Mariko immediately packed her bags, and resolved to meet her once again.

So many things she wants to talk about.

☆ **Fal**

"I don't like it, Pon."

"You don't like what?"

"This! I don't like THIS! I've got a really bad feeling, Pon. Really bad!"

"Why so nervous, Fal. We've met her before."

"Yeah, when we teamed up. Who knows what she's like now. We don't even know her for more than a day, Pon!"

"Relax, Fal."

"Did you know she attacked an Examination Division branch?"

“Yeah, broken windows and everything. I heard.”

“Exactly! She’s out looking for *you*, Snow White! Her violent behavior worries me, Pon! It should worry you too!”

“And why’s that?”

“She knows who you are, Pon! She knows where you live, your family, friends! Why did she become a teacher? A *transfer* teacher, suddenly, Pon! You know what I think...”

“What?”

“...I think this is like one of those villains who discovered the hero’s identity, Pon!”

“Okay, you’re overreacting.”

“I’m *not*, Pon! I’ve run simulations”

“Oh, you’ve run simulations, have you?”

“Yes, did you forget, I was once Keek’s mascot. She gave me a fraction of her powers. I have my own pocket dimension cyber world. I downloaded your most current data, and Marika Fukuroi’s most current data, generated them in the cyber world, in *these* conditions, and in the event of a fight, you lose every time, Pon!”

“We’re not gonna fight, Fal.”

“You’re not in your element, Pon! If this turns into a fight you’re going to lose! This is Marika we’re talking about, Pon!”

“I’ve beaten Mao’s School people before.”

“You’ve beaten Flame Flamey! She may be in Mao’s School, but she’s not exactly a good representation of one. She’s not on the level of Marika at all, Pon!”

“Doesn’t matter cause we won’t fight.”

“I just... I don’t like this, Pon, I’m worried... You should hold *Ruler* straight. You don’t want to be caught off-guard.”

“Fal.”

“Also, I’ve prepared to transport your family and friends into cyberspace if things get hefty, they’ll be safe.”

“Fal.”

“And I’ll also definitely be lending my support, however I can, Pon!”

“Fal.”

“What?”

“She’s here.”

“WHAT? WHERE? ABOVE? Did she sneak past us? Oooh, that’s sneaky, I can’t detect her at all, Pon!”

“That’s because she’s not in her Magical Girl form,” said Snow White with a smile.

A large creak on the door behind them began to open.

A woman with a white coat and sunglasses came in, carrying a box. Her posture was that of someone a bit timid.

“H...Hello,” said the woman.

This was the same teacher that grabbed Snow White yesterday. This was Mariko Fukuroi, Marika’s human form.

She offered the box to Snow White.

“It’s cake,” said Mariko.

“Cake? Oh, this box, Pon! I see. Eh, cake? Why cake?” asked Fal.

“I thought... you might like cake,” said Marika nervously.

Snow White opened the box, saw the cake, and smiled at Mariko.

“Thanks. C’mon. Let’s get a seat,” said Snow White.

She sat down, placed *Ruler* away, and began eating bits of the cake.

“W-Wanna eat cake together?” asked Mariko.

Snow White nodded.

Mariko and Snow White sat down. To anyone else, this looked like a teacher and a student spending time on the rooftop, not like two Magical Girls who survived a huge ordeal.

The both of them stared into the sunset while eating.

“...Thanks,” said Mariko.

“For what?” asked Snow White.

“For everything. I don’t... I don’t really know, I’m just, not good at this talking thing, so... thanks.”

Snow White smiled.

“You wanna just hang out as Magical Girls maybe?” offered Snow White.

Mariko’s eyes brightened up.

Snow White chuckled.

Mariko immediately ran off from the rooftop shutting the door behind her. Only a few minutes later...

Slam!

The rooftop door burst open, kicked with the force of a Magical Girl. Standing on the door was a purple-dressed Magical Girl, with flowers all over her.

Marika Fukuroi.

“Alright, Magical Girl Hunter! We’ve got the whooole night to ourselves, so let’s get goin’ already! HAHAHAHA!”

Marika put both her hands on her hip and grinned, as Snow White smiled and nodded.

“What’s that on your head?” asked Snow White.

“A flower, duh!”

“What *kind* of flower? It’s pretty,” said Snow White.

“Gah... Well, if you *have* to know, it’s a Birds-Eye Primrose! Pretty cool, huh? Not sure what it does yet, but I’ve been growing it in my spare time!”

“You grow plants?”

“Plant Magical Girl, hello! Anyways, c’mon, we’re wasting daylight! Want me to drag you myself?”

“No thanks, I’m good. C’mon, I’ll show you around,” said Snow White.

The two of them jumped across rooftops, as the Birds-Eye Primrose on Marika Fukuroi’s head began to glow brightly.